



"To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

BY ROBT. A. THOMPSON.

PICKENS COURT HOUSE, S. C. SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1857.

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SELECTED POETRY.

That Man Deserves your Praise.

Know you a man whose early life
Had little promise but of care,
Whose prospects in this wide world of strife
Were anything but fair;
Who yet has, step by step, uprose
Above the dreams of early days,
And smiles upon his youthful woes,
That man deserves your praise.

Know you a man whose soul outpours
Wild music to melodious spheres;
Who moves mankind's half hidden stores
Of joyfulness and tears;
Who sings of what is good and fair,
And whistles at the rising morn,
Had ceased to cause mankind despair,
That man deserves your praise.

Know you a man of wealth and fame
Who kindly lendeth to the poor,
Not seeking to blaze forth his name,
At every rich man's door,
Who daily doeth good by stealth,
In many different kindly ways,
That man has left no mortal health,
That man deserves your praise.

Know you a man who aids to teach
The moral worth to follow men,
By life and action, time and speech,
By payment and by pen;
Who shows unto the rising race,
A thousand pleasing rainbow rays,
Throughout this vast created space,
That man deserves your praise.

MISCELLANY.

From Graham's Magazine.

Squire Longbow's Second Marriage.

"Squire Longbow sincerely mourned the loss of his wife—internally and externally. Externally, he was one of the strongest mourners I ever saw. He wore a weed, floating from his hat, nearly a foot long. It was the longest weed that had ever been mounted at Puddelford; but our readers need not forget who Squire Longbow was; a statesman, and leading man in community. And while the reader is about it, he may also recollect that the Squire is not the only man, east or west, who has ventured upon a little ostentation over the grave of the departed—nor woman either. Who was to be the next Mrs. Longbow? That was the question. The public, indeed, asked it long before the Squire. Who was to have the honor of presiding at the Squire's table? What woman was to be placed at the head of society, in Puddelford? The Spencers and Beagles, Aunt Sonora, Aunt Graves, and Sister Abigail, and scores of others, all began to speculate upon this important subject. Even Turtle and Bates indulged in a few general remarks.

Aunt Sonora gave it as her mind, "the Squire ought to be pretty sure how he married anybody, kase if he got one of them flippin' terribble sort o' women, she'd turn the whole house inside out, and he'd be one of the most miserablest of all men." She said, "if he know'd what was good for him, he'd jest keep clear of all the young gals that were fussing and fighting round him, and go right in for some old stand-by of a woman, that know'd how to take the brunt of things—but, lars-a-me," continued Aunt Sonora, "there's no doing nothing with these old widowers—they're all like my Uncle Jo, who married in a hurry, and repented afterwards—and the poor dear old soul had a minute's peace, since he was a widower, and he'd be one of the most miserablest of all men." (Some people, you know, read, abuse the living, but defend the dead.) "And if the Squire should marry, they should think for their part, that she'd rise up out of her grave, and haunt him! She could never sleep easy, if she know'd that the Squire had got some other woman, who was eating her preserves, and wearing out her clothes, and lording it over the house like all possessed."

Other opinions were expressed by other persons—in fact, the Squire's widowhood was the great concern of Puddelford. "He was as well on in do," as Aunt Sonora used to call it, that he was considered a great "catch."

After a few weeks of sorrow, the Squire himself really began to entertain notions of matrimony. It is true, he had passed the age of sixty, and it required a great effort to get up a sufficient amount of romance to carry out such an enterprise. Symptoms began, however, to wax strong. The first glimmering indication was his attendance at church. This Squire had always been a kind of heathen, in this respect, and had for many years set a poor example; but people, who want to marry, will go to church. Whether this is done to get up a reputation, or simply to take a survey of the unimpaired female stock yet remaining on hand, I cannot say.

The Squire was "fixed up" amazingly, the first time I saw him at church. His hair had been cut, and thoroughly greased. His shirt collar covered his ears; and his boots shone like a mirror. Aunt Sonora said he looked "any more as good as new." Aunt Graves was in the choir that day, and sang as she never sang before. She blushed all the heavy strains of music, strains that "gilt her on her toes—directly into Squire Longbow's face. Whether Aunt Graves had any design in this, is more than I can say; but I noticed some twinges about the Squire's lips, and a sheepish look of the eye, that looked a little like magnetism. It was ridiculous, too, that such an old castle should be stormed by music.

But the Squire exhibited other symptoms of matrimony. He grew more pompous in his decisions, disposed of cases more summarily, and quoted law-latin more frequently. It was about this time that he talked about the "nux vomica" instead of "vox Populi." He used to "squash" proceedings before the case was half presented; and, in the language of Turtle, "he tore around at a great rate." Turtle said "the old Squire was getting to be an old fool, and he was going to have him married, or dismissed from office—there warn't no livin' with him."

There were a great many anxious mothers about Puddelford, who were very desirous of forming an alliance with the Longbow family. Even Mrs. Swipes, as much as she openly opposed the Squire's marriage in general, secretly hoped a spark might be struck up between him and her daughter, Mary Jane Arabella Swipes; and Mrs. Swipes was in the habit of sending her daughter over to the Squire's house, to inquire of him "to know if she couldn't do sumthin' for him in his melancholy condition;" and Sister Abigail went several times to "put things to rights," and was as kind and obliging, and attentive to the Squire's wants, as ever Mrs. Longbow was in her palmy days. On these occasions, Sister Abigail used frequently to remind the Squire of "his great bereavement, and what an angel of a wife he had lost; and that things didn't look as they used to do, when she was around, and she didn't wonder he took on so, when the poor thing died."

But, reader, like Turtle had ordered things otherwise. He was determined to strike up a match between the Squire and Aunt Graves. So he made a special visit to Aunt Graves one evening, for the purpose of "surveying and sounding along the coast to see how the waters laid, and how the old soul would take it," to use his language.

I have already given an outline of Aunt Graves; but I will now say further, that she never had an offer of matrimony in her whole life. She was what is termed a "touchy" old maid. She professed to hate men, affected great distress of mind when thrown into their society. Aunt Graves was just ironing down the seams of a coat that she had finished, when Ike called.

Ike opened the conversation by reminding Aunt Graves that "she was livin' along kinder lonely like."

"Lonely 'nough, I s'pose," she replied, snappishly.

"Don't you never have the blues, and get sorter obstreperous?"

Aunt Graves said "didn't know as she did."

"Why, in the name of old Babylon, don't you marry?"

"Marry! Me marry—marry a man—a great, awful man!—and the iron flew thro' the seams like lightning."

"Yes," continued Ike, "marry—marry a man—why, woman, you are getting as old and yellow as autumn leaves. What have you been livin' for?—you've broken all the laws of Scripture inter pieces—and keep on breakin' on 'em—addin' sin unto sin, and transgression unto transgression, and the thing's gotter be stopped. Now, Aunt Graves, what do you think—there's Squire Longbow, as desolate as Sodom, and he's got to be married, or the old world'll run as crazy as a loon a-thinkin' 'bout his household affairs; and you know how to cook, and to wash, and to iron, to make pickles and soap; and then, you're a proper age—what say?"

Aunt Graves ran to the fire, plunged her goose into the ashes, and gave Ike a conch smart stir. She then dropped down in her large rocking-chair, leaned her cheek upon her elbow, fixed her eyes upon the floor, and came near going off into hysterics.

Ike dashed a little water into Aunt Graves' face, and she revived. After having gained strength, she replied in substance to Ike's query in a very languishing, die-away air: "She couldn't say—she didn't know if it was a duty—if she could really believe it was a duty—if she was called on to fill poor old dead-and-gone Mrs. Longbow's place—folks were born inter the world to do good, and she had so far been one of the most unprofitablest of servants; but she could never in, try on her own account."

"In other words," exclaimed Ike, cutting her short, "you'll go it."

Aunt Graves agreed to "reflect on't." It was not long after this consultation that Mrs. Swipes began to "smell a rat," as she said. She commanded Mary Jane Arabella "never to darken the doors of that old hog Longbow, agin; and as for that female scoundrel, Graves, she'd got a husband livin' down at the Eastward, and they'd all get into prison for life the first thing they know'd."

Sister Abigail declared "she'd have Aunt Graves turned out of church, if she married a man who warn't a member." This was a great deal for Sister Abigail to say, for she had been the bosom friend of Aunt Graves; "people out of church and people in the church, shouldn't order fine themselves together;—it was agin Scripture, and would get everything inter a twist."

But Ike Turtle had decreed that the marriage should go on. He even went so far as to indite the first letter of the Squire to Aunt Graves. This letter, which he exhibited to his friends, as one of his literary specimens, was indeed a curiosity. I presume there is nothing else like it on the face of the globe. It opened by informing Aunt Graves that since the "loss of his wife, he had been very grievous like, and couldn't fix his mind onto anything—that

the world didn't seem at all as it used to do—that he and his woman had liv'd in peace for thirty years, and the marriage state was nat'ral to him—that he had always lik'd Aunt Graves since the very first time he see'd her, and so did his woman too; and many more delegations of similar import, and it was signed "J. Longbow, Justice of the Peace, and sealed too, like his legal processes, that his dignity might command, even if his person did not win the affections of this elderly damsel.

Aunt Graves surrendered—and all this within two months after the death of Mrs. Longbow. The Squire cast off his weeds, and made violent preparations for matrimony; and on a certain night—I shall never forget it—the affair came off.

There was a great gathering at the Squire's—a sort of general invitation had been extended far and near—the Swipes and Beagles, Aunt Sonora, and all. Great preparation had been made in the way of eatables. The Squire was rigged in a new suit of "home-made," (made by Mrs. Longbow, too, in her life-time—a white vest, and he wore a cotton bandanna neck handkerchief, with heavy bows, that buried his chin, and a pair of pumps and clouded-blue stockings. Aunt Graves' dress cannot be described. She was a mass of fluttering ribbons, and she looked as though she would take wings and fly away.

Bigelow Van Slyck and Ike Turtle conducted the marriage ceremony—the one took the ecclesiastical, the other the civil management. When the couple were ready, Turtle sat down in front of them with the statutes under his arm, with Bigelow at his right hand.

Turtle examined the statutes amid profound silence for some time, turning down one leaf here and another there, until he found himself thoroughly prepared for the solemn occasion. Finally, he arose, and with a gravity that no man ever put on before or since, exclaimed—

"Miss Graves, hold up your right hand and swear."

Miss Graves said "she was a member of the church, and dar'sent swear."

Ike said it was "legal swearing he wanted," cording to the statutes—not the wicked sort—he wanted her to swear that she was over fourteen years of age—hadn't got no husband livin', nowhere—warn't goin' to practice no fraud nor nothing on Squire Longbow—and that she'd jest as good a right to get married now as she ever had."

Mrs. Graves looked blank.

Squire Longbow said, "he'd run the risk of the fourteen years of age and the fraud, and finally he would of the whole on't. The statutes was well enough, but it warn't to be presumed that a justice of the peace would run agin 'em. Some folks didn't know 'em—he did."

Ike said "there was something another in the statute about wimin's doing things, 'without any fear or compulsion of anybody,' and he guessed he'd take Miss Graves into another room, and examine her separately and apart from her intended husband." This was a joke of Turtle's.

The Squire said "that meant married wimin—after the ceremony was over, that ere would be very legal and proper."

Mrs. Swipes said "for her part, she thought the oath or fer be put—it would be an awful thing to see a poor creetur forced into marriage."

Sister Abigail thought so too.

Aunt Sonora hoped there wouldn't be nothin' did wrong, "so the people could take the law on 'em."

Turtle said "that they needn't any on 'em fret their gizzards—he was responsible for the law on 'em."

Bigelow then rose, and told the parties to fine hands, and while they were fined, he wanted the whole company to sing a psalm.

The psalm was sung.

Bigelow then commenced the wedding process. "Squire Longbow," exclaimed Bigelow—"this is your second wife and some folks say the third, and I hope you feel the awful position in which you find yourself."

The Squire said "he felt easy and resigned—'d gone inter it from respect to his woman who was now no more."

"You do promise to take this ere woman, to eat her, and drink her, and keep her in things to wear, so long as you and her lives?"

"I do that very thing," responded the Squire.

"And you, on your part," continued Bigelow, turning to Aunt Graves, "promise to behave yourself and obey the Squire in all things?"

Aunt Graves said "she would, Providence permitting."

This marriage ceremony, I believe, is nearly word for word.

"Then," said Turtle, "wheel yourselves into line, and let's have a dance," and drawing out his fiddle, the whole crowd, in five minutes were tearing down at a most furious rate; and when I departed, at about midnight, the storm was raging still higher, the whiskey and hot water circulated freely, Turtle looked quite abstracted about his eyes, and his footsteps were growing more and more uncertain. Bullphunt's face shone like a drum-head light, the voices of the females, a little stimulated, were as noisy and confused as those of Babel, and your humble servant—why, he walked home as straight as a gun—of course he did—and was able to distinguish a haystack from a meeting-house, say where along the road.

Poveary is the mother of all arts.

POLITICAL.

The Democratic Party—Its Unity and Prospects.

Instances are not unfrequent in the history of any and every party when, by some violent political convulsions, peculiar circumstances in extensive localities, or extraordinary emergencies in matters temporarily affecting the interests of certain States or sections, more immediately and perhaps more anxiously than usual, they have been made to waver, and have been sometimes seriously threatened with prostration, if not destruction. And as their principles are strong or weak, they are enabled to encounter opposition and adversity, with hopes of success or defeat, just as the forest tree withstands the storm, with limbs untorn and body unshaken, if its roots are deep and its branches stout; or reels and rocks beneath the tempest's blast, from its topmost bough to its base, if it has a shallow hold upon the earth of which it is the offspring.

The Democratic party of this country has had its tests and trials as well as the old Whig party, and the ephemeral factions that have hung upon the skirts of both, before and after battle, in quest of prizes and spoils. There have been dark days in the calendar of Democracy, but its pole-star, the Constitution, has never been hidden from view by the clouds that have lowered over our house and almost at times eclipsed the glories of the past, the aspirations of the present, and our hopes for the future. Patriotism may be sacrificed to sordid self-interest; expediency may predominate over principle; distrust and fear may drive the Dugald Dalgetties of Democracy into the ranks of an opposition imposing in appearance, but it is impossible to destroy the vitality of a party that is indispensable to the existence of the government, which has grown with its growth, and strengthened with its strength, until, like the ivy vine on an antique wall, it is so intertwined that it cannot be torn away without tearing the wall with it. The old Whig party, with its storms and shocks with an astonishing tenacity. But, like dilapidated buildings or infirm old trees, it fell at last from its own feebleness, on a calm, still day, when those who sat in its shadow were wistfully regarding it with reviving hopes. In the interval between '52 and '56, like a giant superannuated and worn out with wars and wounds, what was left of Whiggery fell; solitary, and so softly as barely to break the stillness of that silent hour, which succeeded the election of Pierce to the Presidency. Since that day the Democratic party has proved its patriotism, and the power of its principles, conclusively, to tens of thousands of those who were once its most prejudiced and apparently implacable enemy.

Battling with abolitionism in the North and Know Nothingism in the South, its nationality, consistency and unvarying adherence to principle have been manifested more clearly than perhaps ever before. And therefore those who have been educated as opponents of Democracy, whose early associations taught them to denounce it as a political Pandora's box, have had an opportunity of witnessing its working under circumstances calculated to test it. And consequently our ranks have been reinforced with hosts of our old enemies, who have come to us, not as captives, but as converts, whose prejudices have yielded to honest convictions of judgment, and who are now—where they see they should—ever have been—standing by the Constitution, shoulder to shoulder with the followers of the true faith of the Fathers of the Republic.

The Democratic party is distinguished for its unity, from the simple fact, that it is based upon principles applicable alike to one section of the Union and to every other, to New Hampshire and Texas, to Ohio and Alabama. The principles of the Whig party were national enough, if that had been all that was needed, to eternize it. But they were radically wrong in policy, as they were also too strongly tending to centralization at the expense of State sovereignty and in contradiction to the construction of the government. The rights of the several States, as distinct from the Federal Government were never safe in its keeping; while, with the Democratic party, the most prominent characteristic since its organization has been an inflexible adherence to the rights of the sovereign States, and always with a due regard for the prerogatives assigned to the General Government.

Late events have been such as to leave no margin for evasion or equivocation on the part of political parties in this country. Positive principles in all their native nakedness, for good or for evil, have been brought to bear directly upon the politics of the country. Questions not susceptible of debate, except upon the high ground of constitutionality, have almost exclusively engaged public attention. And it is to the Democratic party that the nation has turned for a vindication of the Constitution and the protection of the Union.

North and South, East and West, the warfare is waged now, as ever, upon the same platform and the same principles, on the part of the Democracy. Douglas of Illinois, Toucy of Connecticut, Alexander of New Jersey, and all that noble band of Northern National Democrats, have been, and are still, fighting under the same flag that floats over West and Hunter of Virginia, Cobb of Georgia, Jones of Tennessee, Pickens of South Carolina, and their thousands of co-laborers and confederates throughout the South.

Such a party must always triumph as long as patriotism is alive in the hearts of Americans and principles are resorted to for the adjustment of difficulties and the dissipation of dangers.

The South is of course considered safe for Democratic principles since the vote of November last. And in the North there are most encouraging indications that our cause is strengthening. In New England, in the North west, and indeed almost everywhere, where the people have spoken at the polls since the election of Mr. Buchanan, the Democratic party has been shown to be gaining ground.

But let us not relax our efforts, or abate our zeal, as long as there is an abolition fanatic in Congress or Black Republican party in the country.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

GRANADIAN OUTRAGES.—A Havana letter of the 10th instant, received in New York, says: The news brought by the steamer Granada from Aspinwall, shows that community in want of instant protection from the Government of the United States. The U. S. Minister has been grossly insulted by the Government of New Granada—hoofed at in the streets by mobs; the lives of passengers and citizens of the United States living on the Isthmus threatened. The danger of another outrage is imminent. They look for effective protection, and it cannot be too ready.

We have one British brig of war in port; the Mariner, Commander Falliser.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., April 20.—It commenced snowing here yesterday evening, about seven o'clock, and continued all night. This morning the snow is about eighteen inches deep.

READING, Pa., April 20.—It began to snow here last night about 9 o'clock, and still continues. The snow, which is very wet and heavy, is eight or ten inches deep. The weight of it, this morning, broke in part of the roof of the Reading Railroad workshops, but fortunately, of the large number of workmen engaged in it, none were much hurt.

DIXON, on Tuesday evening, the 16th inst., in Prattville, Mrs. Mary S. Glenn, wife of Wm. Glenn.

The cause of the decease of Mrs. Glenn, in the prime of early womanhood, was the immoderate use of snuff. We hope those who are in the habit of indulging themselves in the use of this unhealthy article will take warning from the early death of this unfortunate lady.—*Southern Statesman.*

THE PRESS FOR THE LONDON TIMES.—We find the following in one of our English exchanges, in reference to the new press in process of construction for the London Times:

"The most remarkable feature in the present case is, that the machine is being made in England. Messrs. Hoe & Company have taken a portion of the works of Messrs. Whitworth & Co., Manchester, for this purpose, and one of their foremen is now superintending the construction of the machine. Most likely this plan has been adopted to save the import duty on machinery and the cost of carriage. When this machine is erected, two hours will suffice to work off the day's publication. It has been calculated by a printer that there are 70,000 more letters in the Times and supplement than in the New Testament. The wear and tear of type is so great that it has been usual for the publishers of the paper to renew the fonts every New Year's Day. These types are calculated to weigh seven tons, and as they are worn out in a year it will give some idea of the cost of a daily newspaper. The type is made by Messrs. Miller & Richard, of Edinburgh, who have introduced a new material, much harder than any hitherto made, and which costs the printer a trifle more than the ordinary type. That this is beneficial to the proprietors of the Times, is evident by the fact that they are now, at the end of March, 1857, using the fonts supplied in January, 1856, the hardness of the type having so far prevented the necessity for renewal."

INVENTIONS OF THE CHINESE.—It has been considered that the Chinese were not an inventive people; and yet this would appear to be a mistake. The art of printing was known in China nine hundred years before any knowledge of it prevailed in England. Printing was first introduced into Europe early in the fifteenth century. The Chinese printers were generally itinerant. They next discovered the magnetic needle; this took place in the traditional period, when the Yellow Emperor, having missed his way, a little carriage was built on the top of which was a figure, which always pointed to the north, and thus the route was discovered. The effects of the lodestone were also mentioned in their dictionary. We were also probably indebted to the Chinese for the mariner's compass; for it had been long known to them before it was to us. Gunpowder was invented there many centuries before it was known in England, and it is a singular fact that the component parts were nearly the same as the European mixture.

Every man has in his own life follies enough; in his own mind, trouble enough; in his own fortunes, evil enough, without being curious about the follies of others.

If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, defended you when persecuted and troubled, be sure to sustain him in his adversity.

From the Liverpool Journal.

Foreign Intelligence.

The telegraphic announcement sent from Malta to the Admiralty respecting the wishes of the Emperor of China for peace is hardly borne out by the full details which have come to hand by the Overland Mail. On the contrary it is said that the Emperor has expressed the highest confidence in Yeh, and had given him orders, in the event of lenient measures failing, to "drive the barbarians into the sea." The North China Herald says: "We learn on the most reliable authority that in consequence of the rebellion of the foreign barbarians in Canton, the attention of the government in Peking has already been directed to the defenses at Tientsin, the port of the capital." "The same journal, in a later issue, says—'We hear upon unquestionable authority that an Imperial edict has been transmitted to the Governor-General and Governor of the provinces of Keangsu, Che Keang, and Fu Kien, giving orders as to the treatment of the barbarians in the present difficulty. They are to make defensive preparation, but quietly, so as not to alarm the people. Yeh is ordered not to push matters to extremity, but to avail himself of opportunities to re-establish peace.'

FIGHTFUL TRAGEDY ON BOARD SHIP.—Hose Koso, Feb. 15.—Another frightful Coolie tragedy is reported from Swatow, as having occurred on board the French ship Anais, of 632 tons, which left that place on the 29th January, with Coolies for Havana. The following day the Coolies rose upon and overpowered the crew, killed the captain, supercargo and chief mate, (the supercargo's son) and run the vessel on shore at Tong lae, about five miles above Breaker's Point. The rest of the crew, with the surgeon, are safe on shore, and well-treated by the Chinese, but held for a ransom of five hundred dollars; and the ringleaders among the Coolies are in custody and will be given up to the French authorities.

SAKUNARY CONFLICTS AMONG THE ZULU TRIBES.—A Natal correspondent of the Daily News, in a letter of 11th December last, gives some shocking details of the internecine warfare recently waged between the Zulu tribes: "The events anticipated in my observations on the 2d November regarding the Zulu nation beyond the Tugela have been realized. On Monday last a dreadful struggle took place between 15,000 and 10,000 blacks on the banks of the Tugela, which you know is our boundary to the northeast. The carnage was horrible. Men, women and children, from the oldest age attained by the race, to sucking infants, lay dead and dying in hundreds. On Tuesday, when Mr. Shepstone, secretary for native affairs, crossed the river to make himself acquainted with the aspect of the war after the pursuers had left the victims of their fiendish rage, some of the women, with children on their backs, had been killed by a single thrust of the assegai, passing through infant and mother. The river bore down to the sea the bodies of those who were killed in the water, or drowned, attempting to escape into Natal. The pursuing party turned away from the river, and are now spreading themselves over the whole country."

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.—The total number of members returned on the 3d at noon, was 525. The Globe says that of these 325 are Liberals and 210 Tories. The gain in the counties is 11, and in the boroughs 28—total 39. The counties gained since Saturday are South Devonshire, South Essex, Herefordshire, Huntingdonshire, and Ayrshire, one member in each.

ELECTION RIOTS AT KIDDERMINSTER.—There has been a most shocking and disgraceful riot at Kidderminster. The candidates for the representation of the town were the Right Honorable Robert Lowe and Mr. Boycott, a local solicitor and a conservative. Amongst the working classes there seems to have been a very strong feeling against the former and in favor of the latter; and at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon (the carpet mill having closed at two) a crowd of about 5,000 persons assembled in front of the hustings, where the polling was going on, and began to pelt Mr. Lowe and his friends with stones. A number of persons were thus severely wounded, and the crowd called on Mr. Boycott and his supporters to go away, so that they might kill Mr. Lowe. Mr. Boycott refused to interfere, and at a quarter to four, though requested to stop, he and his friends left the hustings.

The Liberal party had then to fly, but they were hotly pursued and stoned. Mr. Lowe, together with the Mayor and a few of his principal supporters, attempted to leave the spot in a cool and orderly manner, but they were assailed with such fury by the cowardly mob, that they had to fly into the first place of refuge that presented itself. Mr. Lowe had his skull fractured, though it is hoped not dangerously; many gentlemen were streaming with blood from gashes on the heads, faces and faces, several were knocked down and nearly trampled on while stunned by the blows from missiles; and others were fearfully bruised in the less exposed parts of the body. The police and the special constables were stoned; a vast number of windows were broken, and the scene of violence and destruction was only stayed by the arrival of a troop of Hussars from Birmingham. The last accounts state that Lowe, though his injuries are serious, is progressing satisfactorily towards recovery.